LOVE OR MONEY;

OR.

A PERILOUS SECRET.

Author of "Put Yourself in His Place" etc., etc., etc.

BY CHARLES READE

CHAPTER XIL CONTINUED.

Passion is a terrible enemy to mere affection. Walter Clifford loved his father dearly, yet for twenty-four hours he had almost forgotten him. But the moment he turned his horse's head toward Clifford Hali, uneasiness and something very like remorse' began to seize him. Suppose his father had asked for him, and wondered where he was, and felt himself deserted and abandoned in his dying moments. He spurred his horse to a gallop, and soon reached Clifford Hall. As he was afraid to go straight to his father's room, he went at once to old Baker, and said, in an agitated voice;

"One word, John—is he alive?" "Yes, sir, he is," said John, gravely,

and rather sternly. "Has he asked for me?"

"More than once or twice, sir." Walter sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. This softened the old servant, whose manner till then had been sullen and grim.

"You need not fret, Mr. Walter," said he; "it's all right. In course I know where you have been.

Walter looked up alarmed. time for everything: I hope you'll for-give me for saying so. However, you are here now, and I was wide-awake,

and I have made it all right, sir."
"That's impossible," said Walter.
"How could you make it right with my poor dear father, in his last moments e felt himself neglected.

I don't understand you," said Wal-"Well, sir," said old Baker, "I'm an old servant, and I've done my duty to father and son according to my lights;

"But he didn't feel himself neglected."

told him a lie." "A lie, John!" said Walter. "A thundering lie," said John, rather aggressively. "I don't know as I ever told a greater lie in all my life. I told him you was gone up to London to fetch

a doctor." Walter grasped John Baker's hand. "God bless you, old man," said he, "for taking that on your conscience! Well. you sha'n't have yourself to reproach for my fault. I know a first-class gout doctor in London; he has cured it more than once. I'll wire him down this minute; you'll despatch the message, and I'll go to my father."

The message was sent, and when the Colonel awoke from an uneasy slumber he saw his son at the foot of the bed, gazing piteously at him.

"My dear boy," said he, faintly, and held out a wasted hand. Walter was pricked to the heart at this greeting; not a remonstrance at his absence. "I fear you missed me, father," said

"That I have," said the old man; "but I dare say you didn't forget me, though

you weren't by my side."

The high-minded old soldier said no more, and put no questions, but confided in his son's affection, and awaited the result of it. From that hour Walter Clifford nursed his father day and night. Dr. Garner arrived next day. He examined the patient, and put a great many questions as to the history and progress of the disorder up to that date, and inquired in particular what was the length of time the fits generally endured. Here he found them all rather hazy. "Ah," said he, "patients

are seldom able to assist their medical adviser with precise information on this point, yet it's very important. Well, can you tell me how long this attack

They told him that within a day or "Then now." said he, "the most im-

portant question of all: What day did the pain leave his extremities?" The patient and John Baker had to and they made it out to be about twenty

"Then he ought to be as dead as a herring," whispered the doctor.
After this he began to walk the room

and meditate, with his hands behind

"Open those top windows," said he. Now draw the screen, and give his lungs a chance; no draughts must blow upon him, you know." Then he drew Walter aside. "Do you want to know the truth? Well, then, his life hangs on a thread. The gout is creeping upward, and will inevitably kill him if we ean't get it down. Nothing but heroic remedies will do that, and it's three to five against them. What do you say?" "I dare not-I dare not. Pray put the

question to him." "I will," said the doctor; and accordingly he did put it to him with a good deal of feeling and gentleness, and the

answer rather surprised him. Weak as he was, Colonel Clifford's dull eye flashed, and he half raised himself on his elbow. "What a question to put to a soldier!" said he. "Why, let us fight, to be sure. I thought it was twenty to one—five to three? I have same character he marched out of the room, striking the floor had with his stick as he went, and left Jalia Clifford aghast, at the a torrent or carses, and his pale face was ghastly with hate, and his eyes glared with demoniac fire, for hell raged in his heart.

Just then a warder approached, and to remark the first into a torrent or carses, and his pale face was ghastly with hate, and his eyes glared with demoniac fire, for hell raged in his heart. twenty to one-five to three? I have often won the rubber with five to three

against me." "Ah!" said Dr. Garner, "these are the patients that give the doctor a chance." Then he turned to Baker. "Have you any good champagne in the house-not

sweet, and not too dry, and full of fire?"
"Irroy's Carte d'Or." suggested the
patient, entering into the business with a certain feeble alacrity that showed his gout had not always been unconnected with imprudence in diet.

Baker was sent for the champange. It was brought and opened, and the patient drank some of it fizzing. When he had drank what he could, his eyes twinkled, and he said;

"That's a hair of a dog that has often bitten me."

head, and he dropped asleep.

"Another draught when he wakes,"
said the doctor, "but from a fresh bot-

litigation was, for various wasons, most "We'll finish this one to your health

Baker.

keeping up the patient's strength with as long as possible by any means he eggs and brandy, and everything, in thought proper?" short, except medicine; and he also adlonger intervals.

At one o'clock the next day the pa-tient gave a dismal groan; Wilter and Mr. Bell wrote a discreet the others started up in alarm

fresh symptom."
At six o'clock old Baker burst in the room: "Sir, sir, he have swo e at me twice. The Lord be praised!" "Excellent!" said the doctor, "Now tell me what disagrees with him most after champagne?"

said old Baker. "Then give him a table-spoonful."

water." "Which first?" inquired Baker. "The patient, to be sure," said Dr.

Garner. Soon after this the doctor stood by his patient's side, and found him writhing, and, to tell the truth, he was using bad language occasionally, though he evidently tried not to.

Dr. Garner looked at his watch. "! "Why," said Walter, "surely you

the doctor; "the disease knows its old ful ease and grace, and hang by one place; it has gone back to the foot like hand for ten minutes to kiss the other a shot; and if you can keep it there, the patient will live, he's not the fort of patient that strikes his colors while there's to her friends. So the very day she was surprised into consenting to marry Walternet that strikes his colors while there's a bastion left to defend."

These words pleased the ole Colonel | directly, and understood most of it. "I mean in a general way," said the so that he waved a feeble hand above his head, then ground most dismally, and another man to obey as well as and ground his teeth to avoid trofanity.

These words pleased the order to be colored.

By this means she realized that now she had another man to obey as well as and ground his teeth to avoid trofanity. to be her servant some day; and if you was to marry any but her, I'd leave service altogether, and so would Rhoda Milion; but, Mr. Walter, sir, there's a warned them all not to touck the bed, clandestine meetings were the natural it, and then he once more preposed to leave, and gave his reasons.

> should you waste your money? "Dear!" said Walter, warmiv; "you're

as cheap as dirt, and as good as gold and the very sight of you is & comfort to us. There's a fast train at ten; I'll drive you to the station after breakfast myself. Your fees-they are nothing to us. We love him, and we are the happiest house in Christendon; we, that were the saddest."

"Well," said the doctor, "ou north countrymen are hearty people. I'll stay till to-morrow morning—in eed, I'll stay till the afternoon, for my London day will be lost anyway.'

He stayed accordingly till three o'clock, left his patient out of all present danger, and advised Walter especially against allowing colchicum to be administrated to him until his strength had recovered.

"There is no medicinal cure for gout." said he: "pain is a mere symptom, and colchicum soothes that pain, not by affecting the disease, but by selling the action of the heart. Well, if you still the action of that heart there you'll kill him as surely as if you stilled it with a pistol bullet. Knock off his champagne in three or four days, and wheel him into the sun as soon as you can with safe-ty, fill his lungs with oxygen, and keep all worry and disputes and n ental anxiety from him, if you can. Don't con tradict him for a month to come."

The Colonel had a terrible bout of it so far as pain was concerned but after about a fortnight the paroxy ms intermitted, the appetite increased. Everybody was his nurse; everybooy, including Julia Clifford, humored him; Percy Fitzroy was never mentioned, and the name of Bartley religiously avoided. The Colonel had got a fright, and was more prudent in his diet, and always in the open air.

Walter left him only at odd times. when he could hope to get a hasty word with Mary, and tell her how things were going, and do all that man could do to

the present situation. plenty of mining cases. I have got a dared to show him. sort of half opinion out of h.m already; "He treated me lil he thinks it contrary to the equity of contracts that minerals should pass under a farm lease where the surface of had been you I would have said notham myself again.'

He started up erect as a lart. "I'll have him off my lands; I'll dag him out his clan."

his vindictive fury.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SERPENT LET LEDOSE.

this outburst, and the prospect of actual litigation between his father and his just what they do." sweetheart's father, that Julia Clifford pitied him, and, after thinking a little, said she would stop it for the present. She then sat down, and in five minutes the docile pen of a female letter-writer produced an ingratiating composition impossible to resist. She applogized for her apparent insincerity, but would be candid, and confide the whole truth to no more scrapes. He finished his two Mr. Bell. Then she told him that Colo-That's a hair of a dog that has often bitten me."

The wine soon got into his weakened head, and he dropped asleep.

"Another draught when he wakes,"

Include the she told into that that color nel Clifford "had only just been saved from death by a miracle, and a relapse was expected in case of any great excitement or irritation, such an a doubtful lawsuit with a gentleman he disliked he had been concerned with others in a windows. All new faces, and on the off a co ' of Abbe Liszt's most intricate would certainly cause. The proposed

in the servants' hair," said nonest John distressing to his son and successor, Walter Clifford, and would Mr. Bell be Dr. Garner stayed there all night, so very kind as to put the question off

Walter was grateful, and said, "What ministered champagne, but at much a comfort to have a lady on one's side!" "I would rather have a gentleman on

Mr. Bell wrote a discreet reply. He would wait till the Assizes-six weeks "Good!" said the doctor, calmly; "now | delay-and then wrote to the Colonel, I'll go to bed. Call me if there's any postponing his visit. This he did, and promised to look up cases meantime.

But these two allies not only baffled

their irascible chief; they also humored him to the full. They never mentioned the name of Bartley, and they kept Percy Fitzroy out of sight in spite of his remonstrances, and, in a word, they made "Why, Green Chartreuse, to be sure," | the Colonel's life so smooth that he thought he was going to have his own way in everything, and he improved in said the doctor. "Get me some hot | health and spirits; for you know it is an old saying, "Always get your own way, and you'll never die in a pet."

And then what was still a tottering situation was kept on its legs by the sweet character and gentle temper of

Mary Bartley. We have already mentioned that she was superior to most women in the habit of close attention to whatever she undertook. This was the real key to think there's time to catch the evening | her facility in languages, history, music, drawing, and calisthenics, as her professor called female gymnastics. The would not desert us; this is the crisis, flexible creature's limbs were in secret is it not?" "It's something more than that," said | slack rope hand over hand with wonderriage Service and learned it all by heart

nor even to approach the lower part of | consequence of a clandestine marriage. She used to meet her husband in the day when she could, and often for five "Now, look here, you know, I have done my part, and if I give you special instructions to the nurses, they can do the rest. I'm rather dear, and why

she stipulated that Mr. Hope must be Walter asked her why she was more afraid of Mr. Hope than of her father. Her eyes seemed to look inward dimly, and at first she said she didn't know. But after pondering the matter a little she said, "Because he watches me more closely than papa, and that is because-You won't tell anybody?"

"Not a soul, upon your honor?" "Not a soul, dearest, upon my honor."

"Well, then, because he loves me "Oh, come!" said Walter, incredulous-

But Mary would neither resign her opinion nor pursue a subject which puzzled and grieved her.

We have now indicated the peaceful tenor of things in Derbyshire for a period of some months. We shall have to show by-and-by that elements of discord were accumulating under the surface; but at present we must leave Derbyshire, and deal very briefly with another tissue of events, beginning years ago, and running to a date three months at least, ahead of Colonel Clifford's recovery. The reader will have no reason to regret this apparent interruption. Our tale hitherto has been rather sluggish; but it is in narrative as it is in nature, when two streams unite their forces the current becomes broader and stronger.

Leonard Monckton was sent to Pentonville, and after some years transferred to Portland. In both places he played the game of an old hand; always kept his temper and carnied everybody, especially the chaplain and the turnkeys. These last he treated as his only masters; and if they gave him short weight in bread or meat, catch him making matters worse by appealing to the governor! Toward the end of this time at Pentonville he had some thought of suicide, but his spirits revived at Portkeep her heart up, and recorcile her to land, where he was cheered by the conversation of other villains. Their name Returning from his wife ore day, and leaving her depressed by their galling them again, except Ben Burnley, all situation, though she was never peevish, but very sad and thoughtful he found his father and Julia Clifford in the duction to them, unless he should find library. Julia had been wrifing letters himself garroted in some dark street or for him; she gave Walter a deprecatory suburb, or his home rifled some dark look, as much as to say, "What I am do- and windy night. As for Ben Burnley, compare notes to answer this question, | ing is by compulsion, and you won't | he was from the North country, imlike it." Colonel Clifford didn't leave prisoned for conspiracy and manslaughthe young man in any doubt about the ter in an attack upon non-union miners. matter. He said: "Walter. you heard Toward the end of his time he made an me speak of Bell, the counse, who leads attack upon a warder, and got five years this circuit. I was once so fortunate as more. Then Monckton showed him he to do him a good turn, and he has not was a fool, and explained to him his forgotten it; he will sleep here the day own plan of conduct, and bade him after to-morrow, and he will go over observe how popular he was with the that blackguard's lease; he has been in warders, and reaped all the favor they

"He treated me like a dog," said the

the soil is a just equivalent to the yearly ing, but waited till my time was out, payment; but the old fox won't speak and then watched for him till he got his positively till he has read every syllable of the lease. However, it stands to reather than the watched for infinitely day out, and settled his hash. That is the way for your sort. As for me, killson that it's a fraud; it corres from a ing is a poor revenge; it is too soon man who is all fraud; but thank God I over. Do you think I don't mean to be revenged on that skunk Bartley, and above all on that scoundrel Hope, who have him off my lands; I'll d'ag him out planted the swag in my pockets, and let of the bowels of the earth, him and all me into this hole for fourteen years?" Then, with all his self-command, he With this and other threats of the | burst into a torrent of curses, and his

Burnley's surprise, who did not see him coming, Monckton said, gently; "And therefore, my poor fellow, do just consider that you have broken the law, and Walter Clifford was so distressed at and earning their bread, and if you were a warder to-morrow, you'd have to do

"Ay," said the warder, in passing, "you may lecture the bloke, but you will not make a silk purse out of a sow's

That was true, but nevertheless the smooth villain Monckton obtained a sentences, and left before Monckton. This precious pair revealed to each other certain passages in their beautiful lives. Monckton's were only halfconfidences, but Burnley told Monckton burglary at Stockton, and also in the door-plate, "Atkinson & Co."

death of an overseer in a mine in Wales. Then he went in, and aske

and gave the particulars with a sort of quaking gusto, and washing his hands nervously in the tainted air all the time. To be sure the overseer had earned his fate; he had himself been guilty of a crime—he had been true to his employ-

The grateful Burnley left Portland at last, and promised faithfully to send word to a certain friend of Monckton's, in London, where he was, and what he was doing. Meantime he begged his way northward from Portland, for the southern provinces were a dead letter to him.

Monckton's wife wrote to him as often as the rules of the jail permitted, and her letters were full of affection. and of hope that their separation would be shortened. She went into all the details of her life, and it was now a creditable one. Young women are educated practically in Germany; and Lucy was not only a good scholar, and almost a linguist, but excellent at all needlework, and, better still, could cut dresses and other garments in the best possible style. After one or two inferior places, she got a situation with an English countess; and from that time she was passed as a treasure from one member of the aristocracy to another, and received high stipends, and presents of at least equal value. Being a German, she put by money, and let her hushand know it. But in the seventh year of her enforced widowhood her letters began to undergo subtle changes, one after another.

First there were little exhibitions of impatience. Then there were signs of languor and a diminution of gush. Then there were stronger protesta-

tions of affection than ever. Then there were mixed with these protestations queries whether the truest affection was not that which provided for the interests of the beloved person. Then in the eighth year of Monck-

ton's imprisonment she added to remarks of the above kind certain confessions that she was worn out with anxieties, and felt her lonely condition; that youth and beauty did not last forever: that she had let slip opportunities of doing herself substantial service, and him too, if he could look at things as coolly now as he used to; and she began to think she had done wrong.

This line once adopted was never given up, though it was accompanied once or twice with passionate expressions of regret at the vanity of longcherished hopes. Then came a letter or two more in which the fair writer described herself as torn this way and that way, and not knowing what to do for the best, and inveighed against Fate.

Then came a long silence. Then came a short letter imploring him, if he loved her as she loved him. to try and forget her, except as one who would always watch over his interests, and weep for him in secret. "Crocodile!" said Monckton, with cold sneer.

All this showed him it was his interest not to lose his hold on her. So he always wrote to her in a beautiful strain of faith, affection, and constancy. But this part of the comedy was cut short by the lady discontinuing the correspondence and concealing her address

"Ah!" said Monckton, "she wants to cure me. That cock won't fight, my

beauty.' . A month before he was let loose upon society, came a surprise-a letter from his wife, directing him to call at the office of a certain solicitor in Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, when he would receive £50 upon his personal receipt, and a similar sum from time to time, provided he made no attempt to discover her, or in any way disturb her life. "Oh, Leonard," said she, "you ruined me once. Pray do not destroy me again. You may be sure I am not happy; but I am in peace and comfort, and I am old enough to know their value. Dear Leonard, I offer them both to you. Pray, pray do not despise them, and, whatever you do, do not offend against the law again. You see how strong it is."

Monckton read this with calm indifference. He did not expect a woman to give him a pension unconditionally, or without some little twaddle by way of drawback. He called on the lawyer. and sent in his name. He was received by the lawyer in person, and eyed very keenly. "I am directed to call here for £50, sir," said he.

"Yes, Mr. Monckton. I believe the payment is conditional." "No, sir; not the first £50. It is the future payments that are to depend upon my conniving at my wife's infidelity;" [From the Roumanian.] and with that he handed him the letter. A merciless young rascal is the Wind. His The lawyer perused it, and said: "You are right, sir. The £50 shall be paid to Is to worry ships a sea with serage storms you immediately; but we must request you to consider that our client is your

friend, and acts by our advice, and that

it will not either be graceful or delicate

to interpret her conduct to her dis-

"My good sir," said Monckton, with one of his cynical sneers, "every time your client pays me £50, put on the receipt that black is white in matters of conjugal morality, and I'll sign the

whole acknowledgment." Finding he had such a serpent to deal with, the lawyer cut the dialogue short, and paid the money. However, as Monckton was leaving, he said: "You can write to us when you want any

where we can address you?" "Why not?" said Monckton. "I have nothing to conceal. However, all I can tell you at present is that I am going to Hull to try and find a couple of rogues."

To Hull he went, breathing avarice and vengeance. This dangerous villain was quite master of Bartley's secret, and Hope's. To be sure, when Hope first discovered him in Bartley's office, he was puzzled at the sudden interference of that stranger. He had only seen Hope's back until this, and, moreover, Hope had been shabbily dressed in black cloth hard worn, whereas he was in a new suit of tweed when he exposed Monckton's villainy. But this was explained at the trial, and Monckton instructed his attorney to cross-examine Hope about his own great fraud; but counsel refused to do so, either because he disbelieved his client, or thought such a cross-examination would be stopped, or set the court still more against

Monckton raged at this, and, of course, said he had been bought by the them both like a thunderbolt. | morning until Saturday night, as I do, and they would look very well to you."

He was at Hull next day, and rambled about the old shop, and looked in at the

Bartiey Name not known. "Why, he used to be here. I was in his employ."

No; nobody knew Mr. Bartley. Could be see Mr. Atkinson? Certainly. Mr. Atkinson would be there at two o'clock.

Monckton, after some preamble, asked whether he had not succeeded in this business to Mr. Robert Bartley. No. He had bought the business from Mrs. Duplex, a widow residing in this town, and he happened to know that her husband had taken it from

Whitaker, a merchant at Boston. "Is he alive, sir?" "I believe so, and very well known." Monckton went off to Whitaker, and learned from him that he had bought the business from Bartley, but it was many years ago, and he had never heard

of the purchaser since that day. Monckton returned to London baffled What was he to do? Go to a secret-inquiry office? Advertise that if Mr. Robert Bartley, late of Hull, would write to a certain agent, he would hear of something to his advantage? He did not much fancy either of these plans. He wanted to pounce on Bartley, or Hope, or both.

Then he argued thus: "Bartley has got lots of money now, or he would not have given up business. Ten to one he lives in London, or visits it. I will try the Park."

Well, he did try the Park, both at the riding hour and the driving hour. He

saw no Bartley at either time. But one day in the Lady's Mile, as he listlessly watched the carriages defile slowly past him, with every now and then a jam, there crawled past him a smart victoria, and in it a beautiful woman with glorious dark eyes, and a lovely little boy, the very image of her. It

was his wife and her son. Monckton started, but the lady gave no sign of recognition. She bowed, but it was to a gentleman at Monckton's side, who had raised his hat to her with

marked respect. "What a beautiful crechaar!" said a little swell to the gentleman in question. "You know her?"

"Very slightly." "Who is she? A duchess?"

"No; a stock-broker's wife, Mrs. Braham. Why, she is a known beauty." That was enough for Monckton. He hung back a little, and followed the carriage. He calculated that if it left the Park at Hyde Park Corner, or the Marble Arch, he could take a hansom and follow it.

When the victoria got clear of the corner, Mrs. Braham leaned forward a moment and whispered a word to her coachman. Instantly the carriage dashed at the Chesterfield Gate and into Mayfair at such a swift trot that there was no time to get a cab and keep it in

Monckton lighted a cigarette. "Clever girl!" said he, satirically. "She knew me, and never winked. The next day he went to the lawyer

and said, "I have a little favor to ask you, sir. The lawyer was on his guard directly,

but said nothing. "An interview-in this office-with Mrs. Braham.' The lawyer winced, but went on his

guard again directly. "Client of ours?" "Yes, sir." "Braham?" said the lawyer. affecting to search the deep caverns of

professional memory. "Stock-broker's wife." "Where do they live?" "What! don't you know? Place of

business-Thread-needle Street. Place

of bigamy-Portman Square.' "I have no authority to grant a personal interview with any such person. "But you have no power to hinder one, and it is to her interest the meeting should take place here, and the

stock-broker be out of it." The lawyer reflected. "Will you promise me it shall be a friendly interview? You will never go

to her husband?" "Her stock-broker you mean. Not I. If she comes to me here when I want

"Will that be often?" "I think not. I have a better card to play than Mrs. Braham. I only want her to help me to find certain people. Shall we say twelve o'clock to-morrow?" TO BE CONTINUED IN SUNDAY SENTINEL

"VENTUL," (THE WIND.)

chief deligat

by day and night. Like a dog-wolf hurrying sheep, he chases clouds and scatters showers, Lays the stately oak trees low, and snaps the stems of fragile flowers.

A brand he whirls aloft and drops among the farmer's gear, Chuckling to see the flames consume the produce of a year;

Then swoops down on a group of girls-de ranges all their dresses, Tears off their silken 'kerchiefs, and their snowy necks caresses. In all four quarters of the globe he blusters

and he raves, Upsetting, pagan-like, the crosses set o'er Christian graves; more, would it be discreet of me to ask | Pursued by curses of the dead, through brake and bush be tries To dash all reckles of the thorns that tear him as he flies.

> His abode is in the forest. There arrived his mother dear Bathes his hurts in mi'k, and chides him shedding many a litter tear. "Weep no more, my mammy sweet," he cries, "I know that I have sinned-But when I kiss their pretty eyes, the girls all love the wind!"

Incidents of House-Cleaning. [Hartford Post.]

The McGushes are getting on famously with their house-cleaning. The moquets and the Axminsters have all been whacked and slammed until the dust has returned to dust, and the furniture has all been misplaced in gorgeous array. Still, there are many little nice points of detail that Rosalind must attend to personally.

"Don't you think, ma, dear," said she, affectionately," that we need new portierres between the parlors. The old ones are so very familiar, you know."

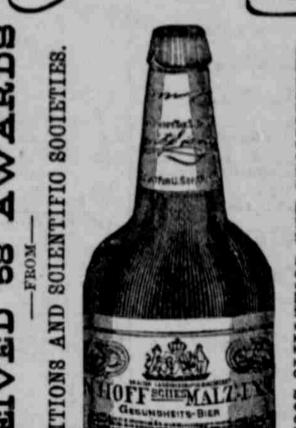
"Rosalind," said the mother, with no little other side. But now he was delighted feeling, "those portierres are not familiar to that his enemies' secret had never been | me. Stay in the cellar kitchen from Monday

Bu Rosalind's conscience remained un-touched. She glided to the piano and tossed noctur to show that her education was Then he went in, and asked for Mr. | not wholly defective



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Assistant Professor Jefferson Medical College,
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WILLIAM PEPPER, M. D.,

Weak and Debilitated

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract has been largely used in the above hospital, and we cheerfully indorse its use to the medical profession for general debility and convalescence, for which it has proved to be a most estimable remedy. (Signed) Dr. LOEFF, Chief Physician of H. M. the Emperor's Garr. Hosp. Dr. PORIAS, House Physician,

Johann Hoff's Genuine Malt Extract has been chemically investigated in the laboratory of Prof. von Kletzinsky, and has been found to contain only articles

which are of great benefit in cases of imperfect diges-tions and bad nutrition, also affections of the chest, for convalescence and general debility. PROP. DR. GRANICHSTETTER, University of Vienna, Austria.

I have brought suit against Messrs. TARRANT & CO., for bottling and selling another preparation upon the reputation of my Genuine Mait Extract for which I have received 58 Medals from Exhibitions, Medi al Societies, etc., etc.

BEWARE of IMITATIONS! None genuine without signature c "JOHANN HOFF" and "MORITZ EISNER," on the neck of JOHANN HOFF,

Berlin, Germany. Beware of Imitations! None Genuine unless having the Signature on the Neck of Every Bottle of

Sole Agent for United States and Canada

318 & 320 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA. U.S. A.